

THE QUIVER

Saturday, December 2, 1871.



"When did the letter-bag go?"—p. 132.

HIS BY RIGHT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," "JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—"POOR LITTLE SKYLARK."

"HALLO, pussy! why all this hurry to get away? It was the same last night; you ran off without playing me any of my favourite pieces—did not even give me 'Home, sweet home,' which I always

consider that I have a right to. Stand still, puss, and be brought to order like other naughty children;" and laughing to conceal the keen anxiety which Sylvia's pale cheeks and quiet manner had given

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him, Dr. Ward passed his strong arm round the shrinking figure, and putting his hand under the dimpled chin, lifted up the face for inspection. Sylvia cast an appealing glance at her mother, then drooped her large eyes under their dusky lashes, the paleness which had excited her father's concern giving place to a vivid rush of colour, that crimsoned her small ears and spread up to her temples. Mrs. Ward answered her daughter's look with one meant to reassure her. She knew the secret of Sylvia's confusion, and could fully understand the feeling that was making that moment such a trying ordeal to the sensitive girl. She had not forgotten the confession of the previous night, nor the manner in which the tearful face had been buried in her lap, and the sobbing reply when she reminded Sylvia of the duty she owed her father, and the necessity of confiding to him all that she had to tell about herself and Harold Chadburn.

"Dear kind papa! I want him to know all, but I—I don't know how to begin; will you tell him for me, mamma?"

The required promise had been given, in the mother's tender pity for the trouble which only time could heal. But she had not yet been able to redeem it, urgent professional calls having come between her and the opportunity she sought for confidential talk with the doctor, hence he had no suspicion of the communication that was awaiting him. He had noticed that Sylvia looked pale and out of spirits when she took her seat at the breakfast-table that morning, and quietly determined that she should not leave the room until he had satisfied himself as to whether there was any real cause for anxiety about her health. From her childhood the fond father had nursed a morbid fear of Sylvia inheriting her mother's constitutional weakness. Hitherto there had been no ground for alarm, the young lady possessing almost robust health, yet he continued to surround her with the same anxious watchfulness.

The doctor was puzzled; he had caught the interchange of dumb sympathy in the look that passed between mother and daughter, and associating it with the embarrassment and distress which his scrutiny of the young face revealed to him, the conviction for the first time dawned upon his mind that Sylvia's ailment did not come under the class of known diseases, since it seemed to be more mental than physical. He supposed it was some passing annoyance or disappointment, of which girls had their share as well as other people. Her mother evidently knew something of it. He could not do better than leave Sylvia in her hands. It was more her concern than his, for women always knew how to soothe each other. The result of these reflections was that he released Sylvia, and did not press for her answer to his question, but took up his newspaper, merely saying to his wife, "Don't you think,

Bertha, that our young lady had better take a drive this morning?"

"Yes, it is just the thing she wants; it will help to bring back the colour in her cheeks. It was my intention to ask you to prescribe for her."

"I could not prescribe her a better tonic than a drive every morning. Get ready at once, Sylvia, and I will order the pony-carriage round, and remember you are my patient for the next few weeks, and I always make my patients obey me. I shall expect you to take a drive every morning. Now run away."

"Thank you, dear papa."

Poor Sylvia could not trust herself to say more. Before leaving the room she stopped before her mother to give her a kiss. In reply Mrs. Ward gave her hand a gentle pressure, murmuring, with a glance towards the doctor, "I will tell all when you are gone." Aloud she said, "Let Dyson go with you, Sylvia; she has some shopping to do for me, and I want you to help her to choose some wools."

When Sylvia went to prepare for her drive, the doctor rang, and gave his order for the pony-carriage. He had still half an hour at his disposal before the business of his hard-working day began. This was the opportunity which Mrs. Ward had been counting upon.

"William."

Down went the newspaper which he had just taken up. Something in the tone of her voice at once fixed his attention. "Well, Bertha, what is it?"

"I want to talk to you about Sylvia."

He drew a chair close to hers and sat down, repeating with a look that showed a return of all his anxiety, "About Sylvia! what is the matter, my dear?"

"Nothing that your fears have foreshadowed, William. She is not sick, poor child, but she is not well; I mean it is no sickness of the body. I am sorry to have to tell you that our child has a secret trouble, and she has begged me to ask you to forgive her for withholding it from you until now."

The doctor's face shadowed as he listened. The last words gave him a strange sense of pain, which was revealed to the eyes that watched him so wistfully. His wife divined all. She stole her soft fingers into the large hand that was resting on the edge of her chair, and began pleading for the absent.

"Don't judge her hardly, William, she is so sensitive and true in the midst of all. The concealment is a fault which has brought its own punishment. I was not told until yesterday, but I could not add my reproaches to what she already feels so keenly."

"Don't keep me in suspense, dear Bertha; tell me at once what it is that she has been withholding from us. The quick cut gives the least pain."

"Well, I find that Harold Chadburn——"

The doctor interrupted, a little impatiently—"Why

introduce his name, my dear; he can have nothing to do with our Sylvia?"

"He has. I regret to say that an attachment has been forming between them, and I—I find that the child has given him her heart; even as I gave mine to you, dear husband, in the years that we first knew each other."

Her voice trembled with feeling as she spoke, but the doctor did not seem to have noticed the allusion; he had started up in uncontrollable excitement, exclaiming, "A secret attachment between my daughter and Harold Chadburn! surely this must be a mistake, Bertha. I could have ventured my life on our girl doing nothing unworthy of herself or us."

The mother's face flushed painfully, as she answered, "You may trust her still, William. The best and wisest cannot always control their affections. She has given hers unwisely, but she refused to be bound by any engagement. In that she was true to her sense of right."

"No engagement," repeated the doctor; "that is something to be thankful for. I would not have Sir Richard think that I sought or encouraged such a connection with his family."

"Nor would I," Mrs. Ward responded proudly; "I do not think Harold Chadburn worthy of her. I grieve that they ever met; such episodes take the brightness out of young lives—we cannot tell how much, dear, for we were so happy in our love."

"It puzzles me to think how such an attachment could have been formed without our knowledge."

"Sylvia informed me, dear William, that their meetings were the result of accident; she never made an appointment."

"Tell me all she told you, Bertha."

The substance of Sylvia's confession was given in a few earnest words that told upon the listener.

"Poor little skylark," said the doctor, sorrowfully. "I feel, Bertha, as if I could horsewhip the fellow. Why did he not come, like an honourable man would have done, and ask my consent? But there, it's no use talking; I trust our little girl will be wise enough to forget him. It seems, dear Bertha, but yesterday since she was a child, with nothing to think of, only to be happy: to-day I find her—well, it is no use, I must accept the present as it is, and be thankful that I have been spared to see her grow up to womanhood, but I would sacrifice much to be able to think of my darling in the old way."

CHAPTER XXVI.

TOO LATE.

On the morning after their arrival at Boulogne, Cyril surprised his father and mother by the announcement of his intention to return to England by the first boat that sailed—the only explanation which he gave for this apparently abrupt alteration in his plans being that he was satisfied, now he had

seen them at the end of their journey, and comfortably installed at their hotel, and that his presence would be required at Chadburn Court to superintend some important improvements he was about to commence on a portion of the estate. Sir Richard had latterly trusted the active management of all business to his son. Cyril did not admit that he was influenced by other powerful motives, the unexpected discovery of his brother on board the outward-bound vessel, and Lucy's rash exclamation, had seemed to threaten premature exposure of the part he had been playing. This roused him to a sense of the necessity of warding off inconvenient explanations concerning Harold, and to the importance of securing any letters from him which might chance to have arrived at Chadburn Court, in the event of Harold having written to his father before he sailed. Another motive that decided his return was that he trusted a few weeks' absence, and the introduction of new impressions, would tend to weaken the effect of recent events upon the mind of Sir Richard, and prepare it to receive the bias which he would labour to give it against his unfortunate brother.

It was late when he arrived at Chadburn Court; his return being entirely unexpected, took the servants by surprise, as he intended it should. He was hostile to the whole race of domestics, uncharitably suspicious of them, and always on the alert to detect their shortcomings. But in this instance his cunning management gained him nothing. There was no fault to be found with the well-ordered household, and all his prying could not detect any breach of rules or neglect of duty. His first proceeding, even before he would change his travelling dress or partake of any refreshment, was to ring for the butler and make a hurried inquiry for letters, scarcely able to restrain his impatience to be satisfied on that point. The butler was rather slow of speech, and his young master's manner seemed to have the effect of making him still slower.

"Quick, Mr. Poynts; don't keep me waiting all night for your answer. Remember I have been travelling, and am tired. I asked you for letters; if there are any, let me have them at once."

The servant seemed surprised at Mr. Cyril's vehemence, but he did not appear to have paid much attention to what had been said to him, for he spoke in a slow, measured tone that was perfectly exasperating to Cyril.

"Letters, sir; why, they have all been sent on to Boulogne, sir."

The old man noticed his young master's smooth white forehead contract as he repeated, "Sent on to Boulogne."

"Yes, sir; according to orders. We know Sir Richard is always particular about his letters, so we did not lose any time."

"What were the letters—I mean to whom were they addressed? Was there not one for me?"

"No, sir; I do not recollect seeing one addressed to you. There was one for Miss Chadburn, two for my lady, and the rest for Sir Richard. I don't know how many, but there was one I made sure was from Mr. Harold. I knew the writing and the seal. When will you have the supper-tray, sir?"

Cyril glanced at the questioner. He was not master of his temper that evening. In his bitter disappointment at missing the letter from Harold, he found it impossible to repress his irritation.

"Wait until I ring. In the meantime order them to put a light in my room, and see that all is right there."

As the butler was leaving the room he was recalled by Cyril. "When did the letter-bag go?"

"By this morning's post, sir."

"And the address?"

"The same you left with me, sir."

Cyril remembered that he had himself furnished the address of the hotel at Boulogne in which apartments had been reserved for them.

"That will do. See that my room is attended to, and be ready to answer my ring."

As the butler closed the door of the library in which this dialogue had been held, Cyril threw himself into one of the comfortable-looking reading-chairs, with a muttered invective against the officious zeal of his father's servants, whom he apostrophised as a set of stupid blockheads.

"And that old Poynts is the worst. If I could only have managed to secure the fellow to my interest, how easily that letter might have been slipped out of the bag, and left behind as if by accident. But what am I saying? It could not have been done without putting myself in the man's power, and that would be sheer madness. To think that I am too late, after all my hurry! Well, Harold has gained this move; but the game is nearly won. It only wants a few more moves, and he is happily out of the way. I would give much to know what he has written to the old man. I never gave Harold credit for half the pluck he has shown in going off to the other side of the world. I wish him every luck, and if he has the good sense to keep out there, I should not grudge helping him with a few hundreds—which is saying much, considering how the estate will be hampered, and the hard bargains which old Darley will drive with me before he consents to part with a single acre of the land."

The thought of Lewis Darley gave another current to Cyril's reflections, and diverted his mind from the subject of Harold's letter. When he rose to ring the bell, his brow had smoothed and his face regained much of its habitual calmness. "Capitally thought of," he said mentally; "I will go to Abbey House to-morrow, and see if he will not come to terms about the purchase-money for that 'old ruin,' as he is pleased to call it. I should like to buy back the old castle and the surrounding land; but I must

be cautious, or the old miser will want twice as much as it is worth. If I don't succeed, it will not be lost time if I can contrive to see pretty Bessie, and manage a little advance in that quarter. I only hope that stupid young doctor will not be on the scene; but no matter if he is—the future head of the Chadburns will surely be able to take the odds against a young fellow who has to dance attendance on every one who may think proper to send for him. Women are said to have a weakness for titles and jewellery. What girl brought up like Bessie Grant would be likely to resist the chance of becoming Lady Chadburn?"

Thus revolving in his mind his new plans for the morrow, Cyril went up to change his travelling dress and prepare for supper, which he took in solitary state, waited upon by the butler, who had already given some of the servants his report about Mr. Cyril's ill-temper, and the strange way he had been put out about the letters, adding his own opinion "that there was something wrong to make young master come back so quick."

CHAPTER XXVII.

BESSIE'S VISITOR.

THE heat of the day was almost tropical. Out-door labourers often paused from work to wipe their hot faces, and laden wagons crept wearily along the white country roads, which were full of blinding glare. The same fierce rays beat down upon unsheltered fields, giving the grass a parched, withered look, and upon trim cottage gardens, where flowers were thirsting for drink, and hung their drooping heads in the still air, which would scarcely have stirred a rose-leaf. It was on such days that Abbey House could be visited under its most inviting aspect. Coming suddenly from the dazzle of the hot streets, it seemed a paradise of coolness and shadow, with its airy vaulted passages and quaint rooms, where the light was toned down by heavily-framed windows, that gave them a soft twilight gloom even on the brightest summer days.

On the morning after Cyril Chadburn's return from Boulogne, Bessie Grant had her easel carried into a shady corner of the courtyard, where she could paint and dream under the inspiration of the antique sundial, and the stone basin which her artistic taste had helped to clothe with beauty and verdure. The present picture was a more ambitious effort than any she had hitherto attempted. It was as yet in too premature a stage of development to convey any clear idea of the subject which it was intended to represent; but enough was done to afford evidence of high promise, at least to critical eyes, which would not fail to notice the fine masterly touch, spirited treatment, and originality of design. Gerald Darley had seen the picture she had executed for her uncle, and having a taste for the fine arts, had seen the promise of greater things in the little

gem that adorned the old man's room. On his last visit he tried hard to get Bessie to let him have a peep at the one she was then commencing, but in vain. The young artist well knew that he would not be able to make anything of it; besides, she was unwilling to let it be seen before it had reached a more finished stage.

It is doubtful whether the fair painter would ever create upon canvas anything more lovely than herself, as she sat absorbed in her task, her cool light dress making a gleam of brightness in the shady corner where she had chosen her seat. The servant, Phoebe, had a fondness for dressing Miss Bessie's hair and trying new effects, in which she developed much native skill and taste. She had arranged it that morning, and seemed to have exhausted her inventive powers upon the intricate coils into which she had woven the ample tresses, crowning her performance by the addition of an exquisite damask rose, which she had abstracted from a bouquet that had found its way from Chadburn Court. Cyril having left instructions with the gardener to send one, that individual had forgotten to do so until the day of Cyril's return. It was done under protest from the young lady, who had at last laughingly yielded to the girl's entreaties and suffered the flower to remain, intending to remove it before the return of her uncle, who had taken a walk to the railway-station, in the hope of meeting Gerald, who had written to say that it was probable he might run down for a few hours that day.

"That silly Phoebe," commented Bessie to herself. "To think of me wearing a rose in my hair on the very day that Gerald is expected; it might seem as if it had been done for a purpose, and what would uncle think?"

This query was put with a vivid blush, for which there did not seem to be any necessity at the moment. It was possible there might be a little self-consciousness in the demure smile which the young

lady stole at the reflection in her toilet-glass. She went down to her easel fully resolving to remove Phoebe's ornament after wearing it a little while. This resolution was not carried into effect. Morning crept on to noon, and found the fair painter at work, with the rose still blushing from its nest among the shining rolls of hair, to which it gave a charming touch of coquettish grace. Whether there was any design in this omission, or it was purely the result of accident, remained matter for doubt. Bessie Grant was just a woman; there is no attempt to claim for her unnatural exaltation above the rest of her sex. She might have her share of its little weaknesses and harmless vanities. Under other training, and with different associations, she would have been as consummate a mistress in the art of pleasing as any belle that ever queneed it over a circle of admirers.

Whatever might be the cause that kept the damask rose in its place, it is certain that a more charming adornment could not have been found for a bright young head; and this fact was forcibly acknowledged by the earnest gaze of a pair of eyes which had been for some minutes watching Bessie with undisguised admiration from the gate, which, instead of being, as usual, jealously locked and barred against intruders, had been left unfastened by Lewis Darley himself. As a natural result of this oversight, there was nothing to prevent a stranger from dispensing with the inconvenience of waiting for his ring to be answered, particularly when it suited his purpose to avail himself of the unexpected advantage afforded by the unfastened gate. This was the case with the gentleman who had pushed his way in without ceremony, and still stood watching the quiet figure in the shady corner—watching as though his eyes would never tire of the fair picture which he seemed to be mentally photographing, while Bessie worked on, unconscious of that fixed, intent gaze.

(To be continued.)

THE FEET OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. ETC.

THE PIERCED FEET.

"They pierced my hands and my feet."—Ps. xxii. 16.



HIS psalm, in its almost every letter, is so associated with the particular points of our blessed Lord's suffering upon the cross, that we feel a kind of jealousy as to the least change in the well-known words.

Happily the criticism which appears to necessitate an alteration in the very passage which stands at the head of this chapter, does not really rob us of any old familiar thought; or, more important still, of a great and precious fact.

Hengstenberg translates this verse: "For dogs compass me, the band of the wicked besets me, like lions on my hands and feet."

Ainsworth translates it: "They lion-like pierced my hands and my feet;" and he appends this note: "The original hath a double reading—*caari* (like a lion), and *caru* (they digged or pierced)." This latter the Greek followeth; but the Chaldee in the Masorite title keepeth both readings: "They did bite like a lion." Scott says, "The clause indeed rendered, 'They pierced my hands and my feet,'

stands in the original at present, 'As a lion my hands and my feet.' But this contains no clear sense at all. A very trivial change gives the reading of our version. The Septuagint, which is certainly more ancient than the Christian era, renders it as we do; and there seems scarcely the shadow of a doubt but that this is the genuine reading, though the general exactness of the Jews in preserving their Scriptures, precludes the charge of an intentional alteration."

We are not concerned at the change which seems to be required; for it detracts nothing from the great fact of the piercing, or of its being foretold. It only embodies in imagery the same great fact, suggesting to our minds the activity of the ferocity with which the wounds were inflicted on the hands and feet of Jesus.

Our subject shall be

THE FEET OF JESUS, THE PLACE OF PERSONAL
SUFFERING.

The lions have indeed come about him, they have come into contact with him; they have done so, in the only way which we could expect them to do; they have torn him; the nail is driven through his feet, even as it is through his hands; the marks of the wild beast's claws are in both hands and feet; the nails are no mere pieces of iron, but the envenomed fangs of active foes.

Here then we have Jesus in pain, in acute personal suffering, from the piercing and wounding of hands and feet.

We must first pause upon the picture of Christ in pain.

Now, when we come to speak of pain at all, we enter upon profound mystery. The problem of the existence of pain is perhaps one of the most difficult which can be submitted to us for solution. Why should there be pain? why should Jesus the Son of God have suffered it?

We are told that in the far-off history of this world there was pain.* "The leaves of the stone book of geology have written on them not merely records of death, but likewise of pain. The fossil fishes which abound in many of our strata, are not found stretched out in the postures of repose, which they would have assumed had they perished calmly; but like men who die in battle, with agony upon them, their bodies are thrown into violent contortions." "Historically," says the same writer, "pain is ingrained and inseparably interwoven into the whole fabric of our system."

There is little use in our speculating as to the origin of pain—just as little as in our speculating on the origin of evil; or as to whether the one and the other were always inseparably connected. Nor is there any use in our following out the idea as to whether Jesus had in these prehistoric times a connection with suffering, and what that connection was.

* Wilson's "Religio Chemicus."

tion was. It is not given to us to know these things. Enough for us to know that the very first mention of the Lord is in connection with suffering—his heel is being bruised.

The first promise then connects Jesus with pain. It leaves the problem of evil, and of pain as in connection with it, unsolved; but it connects him with it. He is not represented as the unscathed destroyer of pain—as the One who from the power of stamping on the head of his foe can escape unhurt himself; but as an endurer—a wounded victor, hurt, and that sorely, in the conflict in which he overcomes his foe.

Christ then is in this great problem of pain—in the midst of it. He has drunk the cup of suffering to the dregs; he has partaken largely of such suffering as falls to the lot of man in the flesh. He who knows all about pain—what it is, what part it plays in the great arena of God's glory, what are its uses, what its mysteries—has let it come upon him, and enter his human nature, and do all that it can do against him.

Now here the feet of Jesus, be they torn as with a lion's claws, or pierced as they were by the nails upon the cross, come very helpfully to me.

This great problem of pain oppresses me when I think of it, when I feel it. "Why am I thus?" is a question which many a sufferer may put to himself; and as he cannot answer, dark thoughts cross his mind.

Jesus's disciples ask him, "Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" and Jesus answers, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

Lazarus's sickness, with its temporary death, and the sufferings, whatever they were, which were endured, were for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.

There were plenty of others lying dead, upon whom, as we should have thought, resurrection power might have been shown; but we are told of this particular case that it was for the glory of God.

But why? why cannot he be glorified without suffering? Ah, there is the problem, and we have no means whatever of even guessing at a solution.

But the pain presses—the pain of others—our own. I am practically in the problem; then all that I can do is to say, "And so was Christ." I look at him in his life-sufferings, I see him on the cross, lion-like enemies besetting his hands and feet during life, and lion-like claws fixed in those nailed feet upon the cross; and I say, "As he was, so are we in this world."

Pain is in itself sinless, Jesus took it on himself, therefore it cannot separate me from God. He said, "The cup which my Father hath given

me, shall I not drink it?" Therefore in suffering this, whatever it may be, I am in sympathy with the mind of God; my spirit and my body stagger at being in this place and under these circumstances of trial, but I am where Christ was, and therefore, though I suffer, I need not fear; the working out of the problem of my present suffering is in the hand of God.

When the feet of Jesus were nailed to the cross, he left all with his Father. As he said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," even so we must, if need be, simply suffer, pierced through, yet saying, "Father."

Vast and overwhelming as is this problem of suffering, let us remember that, although we cannot grasp its great circumference, we can be sure of one or two matters of immense importance to ourselves.

One is, that there may be great dignity in suffering; another, that we individually may emerge well—indeed, be immense gainers out of it; and a third, that Christ is linked to us in it; those pierced feet bind him to all the piercings of humanity; and, if we might so express ourselves, hold him in that position.

And all this is, because so it was with the suffering and piercing of our Lord. We are in fellowship with him in the mystery of pain.

Thus much in part do we learn from Christ's feet being pierced with those cruel nails, and suffering physical pain. Now let us consider

THE FEET AS THE MEANS OF ESCAPE.

Here we have, first of all, the means of escape willingly allowed to be cut off. Jesus knew full well, when he went forth into the garden, that his enemies would come thither, that there was one who knew the place, and who would make a fatal use of that knowledge.

It was night, and there was every possibility of escape; for the feet which took Jesus to the place of betrayal, might have taken him from it.

And for aught we know, it may have been a part of the trial of our Lord, to feel that moment after moment was passing, each one lessening the opportunities for escape; that he could go, but that those feet must tarry until he came whose kiss would conduct them to the cross. The feet of Jesus tarried in that garden, not because flesh and blood would not have desired in themselves to have been far far away, but because in perfect obedience he was not only to endure suffering when it came, but to await it while it was coming.

And when at last Jesus hung upon the cross, with hands and feet both transfixed, what was he but a spectacle of utter helplessness—the means of defence and of escape both gone?

Surely, there is something very teaching to us in this yielding of himself by Christ to God. How

few of us have arrived at that state of subjugation of self which makes one willing to forego struggling—to await the on-coming of the dispensation—to accept the helplessness of the dispensation when it comes. We need every help to enable us to do this; let us accept this one, of a contemplation of Jesus's feet nailed and pierced. Those feet were in their very helplessness, at that time, the embodiment of an amazing will; and have we ever thought that, an amazing will for oneness with the mind of God may be found in our simple readiness to see means of escape fail and come to nought?

The feet tarrying in Gethsemane and fixed to the cross are the same; and the preliminaries of our sorrows, and our sorrows themselves, should be pervaded by the one spirit also.

The position of helplessness is *willingly* taken up. The time had come for it. Jesus had on previous occasions escaped from his enemies; but now the hour had come, and with it the will was ready also. Jesus accepts the position of helplessness.

Now, there is a great difference between what is enforced, and what is borne simply as such; and that which is accepted, entered into, and so, in point of fact, made our own. And there was this difference between the sufferings of Jesus and ours. We too often bear, only because we cannot help it; we, as the phrase goes, make a virtue of necessity—our will is not in our trial.

It may be that we do not think much of the helplessness which it was the will of Jesus to assume for us; how he thirsted and could not get water at the well of Sychar without human help; how he hung upon the cross, nailed hand and foot, and could not stir.

Surely Jesus, as he thus hung, was in this respect, as in many others, a representative man. His people were destined often to be brought into positions of utter helplessness, which they were to accept as fulfilling the will of God; and they could if they had only marked the feet nailed to the cross, look back on Jesus hanging there, and in that sight find strength and endurance, and more than resignation, even entire conformity with the Father's mind. When the executioner drove those nails through the feet of Jesus, he wrote a page of deep teaching without knowing it.

Helplessness has trials peculiarly its own. It is a specially humbling condition. It is one into which God has frequently called his people. Jeremiah, Job, Ezekiel in symbolic vision, Daniel, Paul, all had trials of it; and few children of God there are who cannot look back and see times of helplessness in their past lives.

Perhaps we dread such in the future; we think, "This my comfort and stay will leave me," or, "This means of earning my bread will be taken from me;" or, "I shall be put into such circumstances

that I shall be hedged in; and enclosed with hewn stone" (Lam. iii. 9), and we fear that our old energies will be gone and we shall not resist, or stand up as we used to do against such things. We shall be nailed, and unable to stir. The cross will enable us to meet all such thoughts, if we know how to use the sight which we see there. The feet, afterwards free with such a liberty as was never known by mortal man, are now nailed. As with Jesus so with us; 'tis but a little while, and God will deliver us, for he will have us; and will set us, as he set him, in a large room.

There was something peculiarly galling to Jesus in remaining thus nailed helplessly to the cross. For he knew he had the power to escape. "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross," had in it an element of bitterness which the human nature of Jesus must have felt. For he could have come down. He had the power to escape, but there was a higher power of love to God and man which forbade the using it. Only that could not be revealed to those who were around; so there he hung, his acceptance of that fixing by the nails a bearing of the imputation of being an impostor; for if he came down the Jews said that they would believe.

There are times when the people of God are put in a position somewhat like this; when they could speak, but their tongue is tied; when they could do, but they must not stir; when they could extricate themselves from some unpleasantness, but they must bear it. No one knows the secret of our reticence but ourselves; and so no one can administer any comfort to us in what we are enduring, or can help us to hold out. But we are not without a Helper and a Sympathiser too. Jesus knows all about these positions; he presents himself before us with his feet nailed to the cross. He is taunted, he is called upon to come down; but he stirs not—he endures. He accepts the peculiar bitterness belonging to the situation; and he says to us, "In all your afflictions I was afflicted; and have suffered in all points like you, only without sin."

But this position has another side. All sufferings have another, beside that which is at first presented to the view in the aspect of bare endurance.

This position of helplessness was one of peculiar nobility. It was one in which Christ could and did exercise great mastery over "self"—over what would have been the impulses of mere human nature.

Power rightly used is always noble, and Christ used his to remain where, and as, he was. There was perfect mastery over "self."

Now, it is in this way that we are to look at positions of stillness. We are not to fret ourselves about, or lament over, their apparent

feebleness; they are really altogether above what they seem. And it is by this thought that we are to comfort and strengthen, and calm, ourselves in all our trial times, when the trial assumes this form. God wills us to have perceptive power for true honour, for that which lies underneath the outward husk and show of things—for that which is so in his eyes. And we may be sure the true honour is to be found in all positions in which he places us; many a bed is a greater place of power than a throne, for the one who lies helpless there has mastery over will.

The pierced feet were to all human appearance in a place of weakness, they are in reality in that of power; and so it may be with us. Let us see what underlies our position when we are pierced and helpless; and we shall often become not only contented, but even satisfied with our lot.

This piercing was a *part* of a great accomplishment. It was not a final position, and Jesus knew this well. It was a part of a great whole; and Jesus put it in its proper place. He knew that for a few hours the feet must be pierced; and terrible as that piercing was, he appropriated to it its own place, but no more.

And this is the very way in which we are to deal with our piercings, however bitter they may be at the time. They are not final. They do not form a perfect circle in themselves. They are but a part of a great whole; and that great whole means glory to God, and profit and comfort and everything good to themselves.

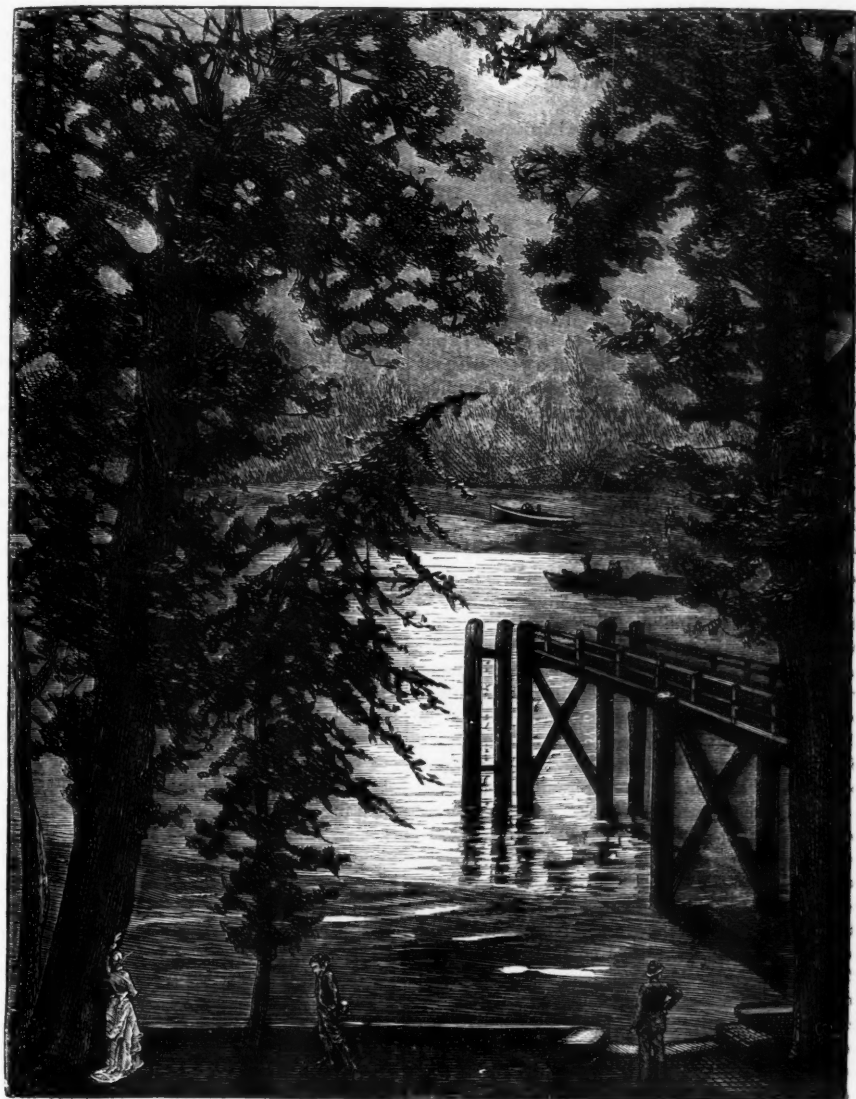
We may here note how the pierced feet help to present us with a view of the perfection of the suffering of God.

His whole man—his person from head to foot is marked as it were with these piercings—the head, one extremity, is crowned with thorns; the feet, the other extremity, are pierced with nails; and at either we find the sounds of mockery. Pilate inscribes over the crown of thorns, "The King of the Jews;" the Jews themselves mock at his feet, saying, "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross."

Is this without any meaning for us? Surely a Christ, perfect as it were from head to foot in suffering, must be especially precious to us who have so many sorrows, and of such various kinds.

Nowhere can trouble come upon us, but that he is prepared with experimental sympathy. The head, the hands, the side, the feet, are all pierced. The whole man bears the marks of woe.

In our many sorrows, let us look at that—his completeness of suffering. Suffer when we may, let us turn to him, and there shall we find that he suffered also; so that let the spear or the thorn or the nail touch us where it will, we shall be able to say, "I am sympathised with, and understood."



(Drawn by C. G. LAWSON.)

"The peerless light of silver-white
She strews upon her way"—p. 133.

SWEET NIGHT!

SWEET night, how soft and calm!
 Did wind and storm so cease
 When through the balm the angels' psalm
 First sang the Prince of peace?

Sweet moon, how pure and bright!
 Of how divine a ray
 The peerless light of silver-white
 She strews upon her way.

Sweet stars, how vast to me
 Their glittering hosts appear!
 What must they be to those that see
 Their glorious legions near!

Sweet thought, that even I
 Rest on the selfsame care
 That hung them high in yonder sky
 And rules their courses there.

A. B. HUME-BUTLER.

UNDERGROUND PERILS.

FIRE-DAMP AND CHOKO-DAMP.

A YEAR without a shipwreck would sound incredible to a sailor; but equally strange would a year without an explosion seem to a coal-miner. Such a season must certainly be marked with a "golden number" when it occurs. Little notion of peril is suggested by the brilliant lines of gas-lights in the streets of London. We may note, night after night, the long, serpent-like curve of illumination forming the well-known "dip" of Piccadilly, without once thinking of the fiery blast and "sudden death" which that quietly-burning gas may produce at any moment when collected in the depths of a coal-mine. Those countless jets of flame are nightly doing just what man orders in mansions, warehouses, shops, factories, and streets. "All right" seems written on every pipe and burner. The hidden power usually works so obediently that a child may guide its energies. But leave the gas to itself awhile, and then, without going to a coal-mine, the spiteful vapour will quickly make known its power for mischief, even in your drawing-room. Perhaps "John" was tired out last evening, or the housemaid had a fit of the sulks, and the gas was extinguished without being properly turned off. All is quiet enough through the night, the escaped carburetted hydrogen enjoys its liberty, but makes no tumult; it sports about the furniture, rests on the sofas, pries into the pianos, climbs the walls, and dances along the ceiling as if exulting in the knowledge of the morning's crash. Betty enters the room with a candle; the smell gives her warning of the danger, but too late; another moment, and the gas unites itself to the light, opens its magazines, and the room is blown up. This is bad enough, and may give even the dwellers in cities some notion of the terrific force of "fire-damp" in a coal-mine. Vestries sometimes discuss with much learning and more indignation the cost of producing one thousand cubic feet of coal gas. It might perplex an engineer to estimate the damage which such a

volume of exploded gas could produce. Still more impressive is the unwelcome lesson sometimes taught by the explosion of a gasometer, like that which happened at Nine Elms in October, 1865. These "accidents" prove the destructive power of this liberated gas; but it is in the gloomy avenues and galleries of a deep mine that the fury of the fire-blast is most exhibited.

The loss of life in the coal-mines of Great Britain has been estimated at eight hundred yearly. This is not very startling when we remember that in England and Scotland alone three thousand of these mines are being worked incessantly, day and night. Some persons well acquainted with mining declare that only the more startling accidents reach the public ear, and give the actual deaths at more than two thousand every twelve months. This may be true if all classes of fatal accidents are enumerated; but we are now dealing with those caused by explosions alone. Some years present a terrible death-list from fire-damp. Readers will, perhaps, remember that in twenty-one weeks of the year 1852 about nine hundred miners perished by these outbursts of subterranean fire. The year 1866 recorded 1,484 deaths from mine accidents; but only 651 of these were caused by fire-damp or choke-damp.

Some may here ask, what is fire-damp, and what choke-damp? We will answer one question at a time; and, first, let us take fire-damp. The meaning of this name is *fire vapour*, a term thoroughly descriptive of the ignited gas, which blows up a mine and scorches to death hundreds of busy workers. Any reader can see the extraordinary amount of gas which will often issue from a very small bit of burning coal. A piece an inch in bulk will often continue to pour out a stream of combustible vapour, which blazes by fits and starts with a good deal of puffing. Sometimes the gas has rushed out from fissures in the coal strata in such volume as, when lighted, to form a mass of flame six feet high and three feet

wide. One such natural jet burst from a coal-bed in a Whitehaven colliery, and being collected into a tube and carried to the surface, continued to burn for several years. Similar cases have occurred in the Newcastle mines, and the town of Fredonia, on Lake Erie, was formerly lighted by the abundant jets of natural gas which, issuing from the ground, were collected into a gasometer. Sometimes a cargo of coal, stored closely in the hold of a ship, has given out gas sufficient to blow up the decks, when a light has been incautiously brought near. These instances may suffice to show the enormous volumes of combustible gas locked up in coal.

The reader has now only to bear in mind that this vapour is constantly escaping from innumerable openings, as the miner brings down with his "pick" huge fragments of the "black diamonds." The gas, thus liberated, may have been imprisoned in its rocky bed for ages beyond human chronology to calculate—even since the periods when the primeval forests were buried deep in the lake deposits, where now they appear changed into coal-beds. The gas is very light, and would soon escape, did sufficient openings exist, or if the rush of air were strong enough to sweep the vapour upwards. Even if the gas should fill the mine, there would be no danger of an explosion until a certain proportion of atmospheric air be mixed with the fire-vapour. What is this proportion? About six or seven volumes of the gas to one of common air. Suppose seven thousand feet of carburetted hydrogen to be accumulated in a mine, no light will fire the mass. But let one thousand feet of atmospheric air be introduced, then woe to the heedless workers who approach with unprotected lamp or candle. Few will ever be able to describe the phenomena of that moment. Some, however, have survived the fiery tempest, and from them a few particulars have been learned. Sometimes a peculiar smell gives warning of a sudden and peculiar change in the air of the mine. Then, before attempts to escape can be made, a deluge of fire sweeps through the long avenues, accompanied by a roar like many thunders combined. Everything goes down before the fire-tempest; men and horses perish, the timber supports of the long galleries, the ventilating doors and complex works of the mine are shattered and blasted into ruinous heaps. Such are the effects of the fire-damp below; what are its manifestations to those "at bank?" The destructive tempest rushes up the shaft, sending through that outlet a roaring blast of fiery air. If the "pitman's village" be near the shaft, the sound of ruin summons wives and children to the pit's mouth, while far and wide through "the black country" the news flies as on the wings of the wind. Are all in the mine inevitably killed by such an explosion? No;

perhaps not one half. Knocked down, injured, and scorched most will be; though some may be scarcely, if at all, touched by the fire. Many are of course, struck dead by the fire-damp as it rages by, and the bodies of these tell a simple but terribly plain story of the awful power which suddenly burst upon them. The burnt and torn clothes, singed hair, skin peeled off, and a peculiar agony of countenance bear witness to the force of the fire-torrent. What becomes of those who survive the first shock? If they be near the shaft, and relief possible, they will be speedily rescued. But what if the mine takes fire, and the shaft itself becomes filled with flame? All is over then, and for many a day, or even many a year, the calcined ashes of the dead may remain unseen by human eye. Cases have occurred when the desolated mine has burnt for years, in spite of all efforts to extinguish the vast subterranean furnace. We will, however, suppose that no such result follows the outburst of fire-damp, and that it has killed about thirty only out of each hundred workmen. Have the remainder ought to dread? Yes; a foe more fatal to human life than even fire-damp now takes possession of the mine, immediately after the explosion. This is the terrible *choke-damp*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *after-damp*.

This deadly gas is formed by the fire-damp, and cruelly destroys those who escape the fury of the burning vapour. These survivors, on recovering from the first shock, rush towards the parts where fresh air and the means of escape may be found; but they are often met by the choke-damp, which none can breathe and live. The men know their peril full well: some try to dash through the mass of suffocating poison, suspending their breathing; others crawl along the ground, hoping to pass under the deadly vapour, which often floats a little distance above the surface. What is the usual result? One by one the strugglers drop senseless, and the deep sleep of death settles gradually upon all who are not speedily extricated and brought into the fresh air. But even rescue is hopeless when the choke-damp predominates, and many a heroic miner has met death while endeavouring to save others. Those who thus perish show no sign of suffering; each looks as if in a deep slumber. Sometimes a dozen men will be found close together in a recess, whither they had fled, hoping there to escape the choke-damp. It was this poison which caused the terrible loss of life in the Hartley Colliery, when the shaft was so blocked up by the fall of the broken engine-rod and tons of earth that the ventilation of the mine was stopped.

What is this choke-damp? Chemists call it *carbonic acid*. It is one of the deadliest poisons when abundant, though harmless in small quantities. The purest atmospheric air contains a

little; every animal produces some in the act of breathing; every fire and every burning candle contributes a proportion of the same poison. It is this gas which so quietly steals away the life of the sleeper who has ignorantly lighted a charcoal fire to warm the close and ill-ventilated bedroom on a bitter winter's night. Some amount of this acid is present in every sitting-room, and especially in all crowded meetings; but in these cases the poison is gradually carried off by the currents of fresh air. But in a coal-mine which has been swept by a torrent of fire, destroying all the ventilating apparatus, the carbonic acid forms so rapidly and in such volume as to turn all the passages into reservoirs of deadliest poison. Thus it happens that the choke-damp is usually far more fatal than the fire-damp. This vapour is not always the result of an explosion, being often formed in imperfectly ventilated mines, or abandoned workings, and even in deep, disused wells. The workmen become aware of the peril by the dim burning or total extinction of their lamps, and leave the dangerous place until the choke-damp is dispersed. Probably it may be asked how such explosions are possible since the introduction of the safety-lamp. We must remind the reader that this is really a *danger-lamp* when used by ignorant, careless, or reckless men. Sometimes these scientifically constructed lamps are allowed to get shamefully out of order; but the untaught miner will even then use them in the most dangerous places, as if the words "safety-lamp" were magical terms, insuring immunity from all harm. Some miners are actually allowed to have lamp-keys, so that a foolish man may, by opening the protecting wire gauze case, imperil a whole mine with its hundreds of workmen. These keys have often been taken from the pockets of miners who have perished in explosions. Here is one class of perils arising from rashness. Readers may possibly ask what can tempt any one to open a safety-lamp, when the men must know to what a result they are thus liable. Few who ask this question have experienced the indescribable blackness, the horror of utter darkness, found in the remote and deep workings of a coal-mine. Something like it may be realised by a person who can make friends with the turnkey of a model prison, and persuade him to shut up the visitor for five minutes in one of the "black-cells."

Such a gloom is, nevertheless, but a weak sable tint compared with the pure blackness in the deepest recess of a coal-mine. Into this thick darkness the rays of the miner's light stream through the wire gauze of the lamp in long and thin gleams, which seem as if smothered in the gloom. The miner would like more light for his work; he can obtain it by removing the safety wire covering, the lamp will then pour its whole unchecked illumination into his working. He sees no danger, and opens the lamp by the key which he has secretly obtained. No harm follows on that occasion, the man enjoys the greater light, and the daring experiment is frequently repeated. Familiarity with peril leads to recklessness; the lamp is at last opened even when a *little* danger is evident. Ere long some unusual combination of circumstances surprises the incautious worker, the mine is fired, and that is the man's last day of life. The story is well understood when, days after, the open lamp is found near the burned and torn body of the worker, who trifled with the lessons of science and the stern laws of nature.

But the best lamps may, even in the hands of steady men, be unable to prevent the flame from being carried through the fine gauze wire. This may happen when the current of air is unusually strong, so that the flame, which ought to be kept within the wire covering, is driven through the interstices, making the gauze itself red hot. Should the combustible gas be near at such a moment, it is clear that an explosion may happen. Thus there are two classes of cases when the lamp is far from being a "safety"—when the workmen are reckless, or the conditions of the air peculiar. The most perfect security can only be gained by a thorough system of ventilation, by which the explosive gas would be swept off, or mixed with so much atmospheric air as to become harmless. This complete ventilation is often very costly, but it ought to be a serious question for the nation, whether the annual loss of eight hundred lives by fire-damp and choke-damp be not a disgraceful penalty and a terrible pecuniary sacrifice. Human life has something sacred about it, and the engineering skill, science, and capital of the nineteenth century *ought* to invent a preventive of fire-damp explosions and choke-damp slaughters.

W. D.

STORM AND CALM.



VER a troubled sea
A lone bird flying;
Under that troubled sea
The sad day dying.
Over a troubled sky
The storm-clouds flying;
Under that troubled sky
A sad heart crying.

Over a new-made grave
A heartsease blowing;
Under that little grave
No tears are flowing.
Over that quiet grave
The day is breaking;
Under the smile of God
An angel waking.

M. COLE

THE NEST IN THE OLD ELM-TREE.

FAR away, up at the top of a tall elm-tree, two glossy black crows had built their nest. All day long, for many days, with patient care they had flown backwards and forwards through the air, carrying small pieces of sticks and bunches of withered leaves in their beaks, with which to make their home secure and comfortable.

And all day long, as they were thus busily employed, they took no notice of a pair of bright eyes watching their every movement. They did not see, or, if they did see, they gave no heed to the eager, up-turned face of a little boy, who lay half hidden among the evergreens which grew close beside their chosen elm-tree. They little suspected, as they cawed away to each other, discussing their plans, in their "crow language," that within that little brain a plot was being laid, which if carried out would make all their labour of no use, and change all their happiness into despair.

Robert Maxwell—or Robin, as he was more generally called—had been for about six weeks on a visit to his uncle, a wealthy farmer, whose broad acres stretched away over many a mile of rich and beautiful country.

This was Robin's first visit to the country. Until now he had only read of green fields full of primroses, and sweet purple violets, or of trees, in whose spreading branches the birds of the air loved to make their nests. Sometimes in his dreams, it is true, he had fancied himself living in a kind of paradise, the cloudless sky stretched above him, the broad green earth below, and the sweet song of the birds in his ear; but the dreams had always vanished with the first gleam of light, which pierced its way, through fog and smoke and gloom, into the heart of the city where Robin's home was to be found.

Now, however, it was no dream; all was quite true. Here were meadows, and fields, and wild flowers, and singing birds in abundance; and though the trees were still bare and leafless, yet as their glossy buds sparkled in the sunshine there was a kind of sheen upon them, which gave a prophecy of the beauty still to come.

His cousins, who had lived all their lives among such scenes, could scarcely understand the rapture of this poor town-boy at his new life, and they used to wonder that he never grew weary of wandering about from morning till night through fields and pasture lands, or of lying hour after hour on his back among the evergreens, watching the crows whirling home through the blue sky to their rookery.

Since his arrival at his uncle's, Robin had become almost as wise about the farm affairs as either of his cousins. He knew as well as they did how to

yoke the patient, solemn-looking horses to the plough; he could tell his aunt the names of each of her sleek milch cows as they demurely walked along to their stables; he could throw the seed corn as skilfully as either Bob or Harry into the ground prepared for its reception; and he could climb as daringly as they into the highest trees about the farm.

Was it not a pity that with so much happiness within his reach, so great a store of amusement always close at hand, he should yet fix his whole heart on the attainment of an object which could only be gained by direct disobedience to his uncle's wishes?

Yet so it was, for Robin had resolved that when the last twig had been placed securely in the nest far away up in the old elm-tree, when the last chink had been filled with moss and leaves, and when the mother crow had proudly laid her eggs within it, he would scale the elm-tree, even to its summit, he would drive away the mother from her charge, and securing the nest and its contents for himself, he would carry them home with him in triumph, to be the envy and admiration of his city friends.

Now the good farmer, his uncle, loved his crows, as he often laughingly said, nearly as well as he loved his children. It was an ever-new delight to him to watch them each year congregating in increasing numbers in the woods behind his house, and many a half hour of the pleasant spring afternoons he spent watching them sailing home one by one after their day's labours, the glory of the setting sun shining on their glossy plumage. Even to their harsh grating voices he loved to listen, and it was well known, by child and labourer alike, that to meddle with Farmer Brown's crows was to incur his highest displeasure.

So for an opportunity to carry out his plans Robin had to wait with much impatience, for as if on purpose to thwart him, the farmer decided on ploughing up the five-acre field bordered by the elm-trees, and from morning till evening he might be seen on the spot himself superintending his men, and unawares to himself protecting two poor crows from robbery and outrage.

At last a day came when the farmer and his wife arranged to attend a large fair at a neighbouring town, proposing to take the three boys—Robin, Bob, and Harry—with them. At the last moment Robin pleaded headache, and his flushed cheeks and glistening eyes making it appear as if he were really far from well, his aunt and uncle agreed to leave him at home, promising to return as soon as possible, Bob and Harry whispering to him for his comfort that he should not be forgotten in their fairings.

Scarcely had the last click of the horses' hoofs upon the road been heard, before Robin crept out of

the house, and finding that the coast was clear he lost no time in setting to work.

As nimbly as a cat he climbed up and up, higher and higher, till the branches became so slight that they bowed down under his weight more than was quite agreeable, and the blue sky seemed now to stretch away at no such great distance above him.

At last the spoil was within his reach. With trembling fingers Robin laid his hand upon the nest, and with a loud cry the mother bird rose up, cawing angrily for help, till in a moment the air seemed to grow dark with the excited friends of the injured bird, who flying round and round over Robin's head, made such a tumult in his ears, that he felt bewildered and almost frightened.

And now he found that to remove the nest, as he had at first intended, would be impossible—it was so much larger than he had imagined, and was so firmly wedged in between the branches. Still he would not be daunted; the eggs at least should be his, whatever happened. There they were—one, two, three, four—and who should tell him not to touch them?

Ah! the poor crow, how she screamed, and screamed in vain; how she pecked at the little robber's hand, till the blood spouted out over his clothes; how she flapped her wings in his face, till it was bruised and scraped all over. It was in vain, the cruel deed was done, her precious eggs had all been stolen from her, her happy home was now quite desolate.

And Robin thought that he was happy. His plans had been laid so well, his disobedience would surely remain undiscovered, his sin unpunished. With such thoughts in his mind, and carrying his spoil carefully laid inside his cap, he walked boldly into the kitchen on the way to his own room.

I doubt if he would have entered so gaily, had he known who was there awaiting his arrival; had he known that his uncle, obliged to return home unexpectedly for something he had forgotten, and

attracted by the unusual commotion among his favourites, had been a witness of the robbery.

Not a word could Robin speak, as with one quick glance at his uncle's face he saw that all was known, even without the evidence of his guilt, which he held in his hands. Pale and trembling he waited for the sentence of his punishment, for he well knew that, gentle as his uncle generally was, for faults such as his had been he had no compassion.

The words came at last—short, clear, and distinct. "Go to your room, Robin, and remain there till to-morrow, when you must return home," said the farmer, sternly; "I will not have my children taught lessons of deceit, disobedience, and cruelty."

"Oh, uncle," murmured Robin, and he stretched out his hands imploringly, as though the yielding up his prize would make the sentence lighter.

"Keep them," replied the farmer, as turning on his heel he went out at the open door. "Those eggs would be valueless to the poor mother now; they may be useful to you in reminding you in the future of what has occurred to-day."

So the next day Robin went home, back to the city with its noise, and dirt, and turmoil. His heart was full of heaviness, yet as he was whirled along through fields and woods, and past the green budding hedges, he felt he had deserved his punishment, for he knew his uncle's words were true: he had been deceitful when he falsely pleaded illness that he might be left at home; he had been disobedient in disregarding his uncle's commands; he had been cruel in robbing the poor birds of their young.

The much-coveted eggs, the cause of all his trouble, he left behind him at the farm; but they were forwarded to him the next day by his uncle, and then Robin kept them, not, as he had originally intended, to be shown off in triumph to his companions, but to be to him as a witness and remembrance of his sin.

Z. P.

MY COUSIN EMILY.

IN the greenwood tangles
Of a lordly park,
Where bright flowers, like spangles,
Deck the verdure dark;
Where, from out the branches,
Many a sweet bird launches
Blythest music, filling
All the air with trilling—
Finch and thrush and lark—

II.

There's a beech-walk shady,
Gravelled trim and neat,
Where a little lady
Trips with tiny feet,

Onward still advancing,
Like a fairy dancing,
And her blue eyes beaming
With a childlike gleaming
Marvellously sweet.

III.

Ivy-leaves entwining
Auburn hair enfold—
Just like emeralds shining
In a shrine of gold.
And her loose robe flowing
As she sways in going,
Like the waves of ocean,
With the merry motion,
To and fro 'tis rolled.

IV.

On she trips, as lightly
As the gleesome kid:
And her eyes shine brightly
From each long-fringed lid,
As she stops a minute,
Listening to the linnet,
Or to watch the shining
Of the lizard, twining
In the grass half-hid.

V.

Till at length she reaches
Where the greenwood maze
Breaks from out the beeches
To the morning rays;
And the Autumn lustre
Plays upon a cluster
Of bright leaves and flowers,
Falling down in showers
From an antique vase.

VI.

There, amid the splendour
Of rich flowers and rare,
Stands that maiden tender—
Herself a flower most fair.
O'er the vase she's stooping,
With her large eyes drooping,
Till her cheek reposes
Mid the flushing roses
Gathering round her there.

VII.

One lily hand is clasping
A bright and odorous rose,
The other lightly grasping—
The folding of her clothes.
Flower and leaf are twining
Round her garment, shining
Even as though they kist her
As a floral sister
That each blossom knows.

VIII.

But, mid all this blooming—
Rose and eglantine,
And the rich perfuming
Of sweet jessamine—
Mid bells of purple fuchsias—
Mid honeysuckle luscious—
One flower still is wanting,
Greatest of Nature's granting—
No passion flower is seen.

IX.

Ah! that little maiden
Still is fancy free,
With no love yet laden—
Light and bright is she.
Lips that ne'er knew sobbing,

Heart ne'er wildly throbbing,
Eyes ne'er swol'n with weeping,
Sleepless vigils keeping—
My cousin Emily.

X.

Yet, sure as morning brightens
Into noonday hour,
And sure as May-bloom whitens,
And fruit succeeds the flow'r,
So sure will Love yet find thee—
So sure his fetters bind thee.
Ah! may'st thou then step lightly,
And look as fair and brightly
As now in yonder bower!

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

55. God, though infinite in power, has some regard for the most trifling of his creatures. Show that this is so.

56. What examples are there of a reference in the Old Testament to spiritual circumcision?

57. In connection with what event do we find the Apostle John mentioned for the last time in the Acts of the Apostles?

58. The period of "forty days" seems to be marked in Holy Scripture as significant of probation before some fresh event. Give examples of this.

59. A period of "forty days" precedes three events of our Lord's life during his sojourn on earth. Name them.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 111.

43. The eleven apostles refusing to believe the account of the Saviour's resurrection (Luke xxiv. 11).

44. Ezra iii. 2.

45. "A nail in his holy place" (Ezra ix. 8).

46. The healing of Malchus's ear (John xviii. 10).

47. Simon Peter, Andrew, and Philip (John i. 44).

48. Isaiah (xi. 1), Jeremiah (xxiii. 5), Zechariah (vi. 12).

49. Numb. xiii. 28.—(1) "The people be strong that dwell in the land;" (2) "the cities are walled and very great;" (3) "we saw the children of Anak there."

50. (1) A dwelling-house purchased in a walled city might be redeemed within a year after the sale; but after that time it became the absolute property of the purchaser, and was not affected by the jubilee. (2) Land devoted to God might be redeemed on certain conditions; but if not redeemed or sold to another man, it was in the jubilee to be "holy unto the Lord," and the possession thereof was to be given to the priest (Lev. xxv. 16—21, 29, 30).

51. Jehovah-jireh (Gen. xxii. 14).

BIBLE NOTES.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER (Matt. ix. 18-26; Mark v. 22-42; Luke viii. 43-53).

AND, behold, there came a man named Jairus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue" (Luke viii. 41). This man came to Jesus when he was in the house of Matthew—so we learn from the context in St. Matthew's Gospel. The name of the ruler is mentioned by Luke and Mark, who wrote their Gospels while the ruler was, in all probability, still alive; certainly some members of his family who could have remembered the incident were, and so the truth and accuracy of the narrative could have been easily tested. St. Matthew merely indicates the man by calling him "a certain ruler." St. Luke gives the further explanation, "a ruler of the synagogue." Bearing in mind that St. Matthew wrote for the Jews and St. Luke for the Gentiles, we can comprehend that the Jews would understand what was meant by "a ruler," they being acquainted with all the details of their own church arrangements; whereas the Gentiles would require the further explanation given by St. Luke. The "ruler" had charge of the synagogue, to see the worship orderly carried on there.

"And he fell down at Jesus' feet." Although prostration is common in the East, it was only practised by one of inferior rank to the one to whom he offered this show of homage; and so it has been remarked that this falling down on the part of the ruler of the synagogue must be taken as an evidence of his acknowledgment of the Divine power in Christ, for merely regarded as two Jews, Jairus was of higher rank than he.

"For he had one only daughter, twelve years of age, and she lay a dying." Similar to this is the account given by St. Mark, who agrees with St. Luke in representing the child as still alive when the ruler came first to Jesus, and then that tidings of her death reached her father while he was conversing with our Lord. St. Matthew, however (ix. 18), says, "Behold, there came a certain ruler, and worshipped him, saying, My daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live." It is evident that Mark and Luke relate the entire scene in detail, while Matthew, as is often his custom in his Gospel, condenses it, and records only the conclusion of the scene, omitting the first entirely, though the use of the words "*even now dead*" would seem to imply that something had gone before.

"And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden." These three seem to have been the most intimate and most highly honoured of our Lord's disciples. These three alone of all the apostles were present when Christ was transfigured on Mount Tabor, at his agony in the Garden of Geth-

semane, and now at this raising of the dead. It has been remarked also that upon these three our Lord bestowed surnames. Peter he called Cephas (John i. 42), and James and John he surnamed Boanerges.

"And all wept, and bewailed her." The word translated "bewailed" means to "beat oneself." On the occasion of a death in the East, crowds of mourners assembled, and howled and shrieked and smote themselves in token of their grief. If poor, the Israelite, had two minstrels, and one to lament.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth." She is not dead in any sense that could justify all this frantic sorrow, and this apparently hopeless grief. She is taking rest; she is unconscious, indeed, but she shall soon—as all shall eventually—awake. Sleep and death are alike in that the body is in both apparently unconscious—that both seem like the taking of rest after work and weariness, and that both shall be followed by a waking to more vigorous life and activity. If an ordinary performer of wonders and signs had been present at such a scene, his great object would have been to prove and call attention to the fact of the girl being dead, so as to magnify his miracle. Not so, however, Christ, who wanted to teach truths about life and death, as well as to perform miracles.

"They laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead." Perhaps these hired mourners began to tremble for their gains, and thought that Jesus was maintaining that the girl was only in a swoon, whereas they knew she was dead, and would have been sorry were it not so.

"And took her by the hand." This was to show that he was the cause of her arising from the dead.

"And her spirit came again." There is something interesting in the fact that this remark is made only by St. Luke, who was a physician, and not by the other Evangelists. It was of great importance that the Gentiles, for whom St. Luke specially wrote, should understand that Christianity gave no countenance to their strange and erroneous ideas of death, but that Christ's followers regarded death as the departure of the spirit immediately to another place—a place of sorrow or of joy; and believed the possibility of its being united to its own body again.

Three times our Lord raised the dead, and in each case under different conditions—as it were to show his Divine power over death at every point of its apparently triumphant progress. Here he raised one who had only just died, and still lay upon the bed of her previous suffering; when he met the funeral leaving Nain, he raised one who had died and been laid upon the bier for his burial; and in the case of Lazarus, he restored to life a body which had already been committed to the grave and had seen corruption.